Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I sweare by?
Iuli. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue,
Iu. Well doe not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisde, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere, one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
Iu. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Wouldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, and goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honorable,
Thy purpose matriage, send me word to morrow,

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To'morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times goodnight.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauy lookes.
Enter Iuliet *againe*.
Iu. Hist *Romeo* hist, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Iu. *Romeo.*
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iuli. I shall forget, to haue the still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iuli. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,